VOLUME 1.

EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 13, 1859.

NUMBER 12

Business Directoru.

East Saginaw Courier.

GEO. F. LEWIS, Proprietor.

Published every Thursday morning at the City of East Saginaw, Michigan.

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prepared to take Ambrotypes in superior style, and
put them up in boautiful cases just received by Express. Good pictures taken as low as FIFTY CENTS

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or account, are requested to call and settle the same without delay, as we are determined to close all accounts. Hereafter our terms are Cash.

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Hast Saginaw, June 11, 1859.

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THRESHING MACHINES, HORSE POWERS,
Wood Sawing Machines, builts at topcaired with
mesters and dispatch by
RESS & BRO.

THE EXPENSES OF A QUEEN.

Queen Victoria is reputed to be a very estimable lady; possessing the leading commendable features of a woman's character, and by the course of conduct pursued towards her subjects since she ascended the throne, she has secured for herself a popular position at home, and is regarded abroad as a very good sort of a woman, and for the occupant of a throne, and the wearer of the crown of England, \$100 a comparatively harmless person. In her own country she is treated with the greatest consideration, and she goes about more after the manner of a private indi-vidual than that of a ruler—entertaining no fear, apparently of being assassinated Unlike the subjects of Louis Napoleon, the subjects of her Majesty manifest no desire to terminate her life.

But, while Victoria appears to give satisfaction as a Queen, the fact cannot be concealed that her government is im-mensely expensive; and it must puzzle plain republicans to understand how one little woman and her househould can manage to spend about fire million dollars per annum; and it also requires a little twisting and stretching of the imagina-tion, and a good deal of charity, to dis-cover any benevolent features in the character of a lady who can even hint at economy, or set herself or household up as an example for the nation, while spend ing five million dollars annually, the collection of which presses almost to the dust her tax-ridden and poverty-stricken

The facts to which reference has been made, regarding the expenses of the Royal horsehold, have been brought to light by the "Financial Association," orchants, for the avowed purpose of expo-sing all cases of wilful extravagance or waste in the disbursements of the public revenue. This association has recently issued the fourteenth number of their tracts, entitled "The Royal Household, a Model to Parliament and the Nation."-From this it appears that soon after Victoria succeeded to the crown, on the Attorneys and Counsellors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery. Agents for buying and selling Lands, paying Taxes, &c. Office, corrier of Water and Genesce streets.

Victoria succeeded to the crown, on the death of her uncle William IV., Parliment Settled the question of the civil list Genesce streets. cious Majesty." This action of Parliament fixed the amount of £385,000 a year (or nearly \$2,000,000) on her Majes ty for life. This allowance was £10,000 a year more than had been paid to her uncles, and was considered as adequate provision for the support and dignity of the Crown. At the same time the allow

ance to the Queen's mother was increased from £22,000 to £30,000 per annum. The statute by which the above named annual allowance was voted to the Queen with £10,000 additional for "home secret service," provided for the the money as follows:

Privy purse, -Salaries of household, --- 131,260 Expenses of household, . · 172,500 Royal bounty Pensions -Unappropriated. 8,040

When the civil list was settled, there was a sort of an understanding that the Queen would surrender for her lifetime the hereditary revenues which her im-mediate predecessors had been possessed of, or in other words that £385,000 . year should be her entire income. This understanding, however, has not been complied with, and Queen Victoria's annual income is in fact £668,000 or nearly double what even George IV lux-

In addition to the income of the Queen Prince Albert gets a large slice of the revenue. He has a yearly life allowance of £30,000, in addition to which her Majesty has heaped lucrative appoint-ments upon him which more than double his income. The Queen has also the life use of a variety of palaces, the minutest cost of repairing and keeping up which is paid out of the public purse.

When the income tax was imposed it was announced that the Queen had determined to submit her own income to this impost, but it does not appear that this tax has ever been collected of her Majesty or her husband, and inquiries made by the committee at the Treasury Department with reference to this point received an answer that, as regards point

We have included, as a great pecuniary advantage to Queen Victoria, her being lodged rent-free in the Royal pal-aces, without being colled upon as ten-ants usually are, to incur the cost of repairs and alterations. This may appear to be not very considerable, but really is enormous. The sum voted in the estimates for Royal places, building; parks, ond gardens, was £221,885 in 1854; increased to £224,496 in the present year. Add to this the sum of £668,000, which is the Queen's actual income, and £60, 000 to Prince Albert from all sources, (without including the annuities to the THOSE INDEBTED TO US EITHER ON NOTE Princess Mary of Cambridge, and King

Selected Boetry.

THE SEXTON'S DREAM. DT PRANK J. WHITE. On a marble slab in the Churchyard old, Bitteth the Sexton gray. At mid of night, as the olden yes

Pale and cold from the half-hid-moo Falleth a gentle beam, Playing along his frosted locks With a glittering allver gleson

Little he recks the elinging damp, As he bows in silent prayer Nor the wind that springs with a lonely chill From the dead entombed there.

He sleepeth now on a sculptured urn

He resteth his weary head, While notsless round him gather All of his angel dead. Little ones buried in olden time, Rising from out the mould,

Brushing across his silvered locks, Ringlets of silken gold. One of a fair and angel form

He smileth, for in his hely dreamin He elasneth her fondly now. Madge, with her tresses of sunny halt Brow of a heavenly snow, Who died sin broken and scorned of all,

Weary long years ago. Madge, who had died on his heaving Penitent, sobbing the while; Now, in God's Heaven of Holy Love Shriven of all her guile.

Softly she pillows the old man's head On her bosom of driven snow, Whispering tales of the olden time Of the buried long ago.

Faint, from the tall cathedral spire Cometh a feeble shout; Heavily now are the brazen belle Ringing the old year out.

The little ones all have flown; Yet not for a weartly passing year Is left upon earth alone.

Gently his dream is fading away,

The bells that are ringing the old year out Toll for the Sexton dead.

Lying upon the markle cold.

Where he pillowed his weary head.

THE LITTLE GRAVES. "It's only a litte grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead?" And so they carclessly turned away From the mound the spade had made that day Ah, they did not know how deep a shade

And one man in his arms could have borne aw The resolved and its freight of clay. But I know that darling hopes were hid Beneath that little coffin-lid.

That little grave in our home had made.

I know that a mother stood that day With folded bands by that form of clay I know that burning tears were hid, "Neath that drooping lash and aching lid;" And I know her lip, and check, and brow, Were almost as white as baby's, now

I knew that some things were hid away, The little seek and half worn shoe, The cap with its plumes and tassels blue. And an empty crib with its covers spread, As white as the face of the sinless dead.

For world-wide hopes are buried there, And ye, perhaps, in coming years, How much of light, how much of joy, Is buried up with an only boy!

FADING PLOWERS. Beauteons flow'rs !- God's golden banquet Flushed in bloom, with fairy neetar filled: Tempting the winged bees to tiny cups Of floral wine, from diamond dews distilled Pretty peering pansies with passion pant ! Bursting their mellow hearts with Summer Kissing the sun-gold shadows as they slant Adown the azure sky and green-waved sea !

And must they fade away! How passing sad The sound! how melancholy soft the breeze With lowly accents whisper; and the glad Hum of bees ring lighter through festooned t The very clouds chime forth a solemn tone, And toil the muffled knell, when flow'rs die; Shedding their great heart tears, with sigh and

THE GREATEST CANNON YET. The English papers tell us that it has been demonstrated that the Armstrong gun will send a ball with remarkable and politeness is equivalent to "It is none of your business." No member of Parthis is nothing to the range of another liment has had courage enough to ask gun, of which we have the following ac-the question in that body.

A most wonderful long range cannot being mounted in the Royal Arsena Woolwich, for experiments at Sheerness Its range is spoken of as certain to eclipse every other weapon hitherto known .-The gun, with its present bore, a three inch diameter, weighs seven tons, and presents an appearance (with the excep ion of the present calibre) similar to one Dutchess of Kent, Duchessof Gloncester, Duches of Cambridge, Duke of Cambridge, Mary of C

The Longest Night in a Life,

BY CHARLES DICKENS. It was one of those old-fashioned winters in the days of the Georges when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unknown and the electric telegraph had not been dreamed of save by the speculative Countess of London The mails had been irregular for a month, and the letter bags which did reach the Post-Office had been brought thither with difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the doings of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis. But the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rendering accounts of starvation and destruction with wonderful escapes of adventurous mail-coachmen and guards. Business was almost at a standstill, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were made uneasy by the frequent long silence of their members, and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to run, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weatherbound travellers to have some hope of reaching their desti-

Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain at your service, which, except in one re-Miss Sterling, who had for weeks past spect, is comfortable enough." desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her that it was a fool-hardy attempt and told her of travellers who had been twice, nay, three times snowed in upon their way to town, but their advice and warning were of no avail; Miss Sterling's business was urgent, it concerned others more than herself, and she was not one to be deterred by per-

she was not one to be deterred by personal discomfort or by physical difficulties
from doing what she thought was right.
So, she kept to her purpose, and early
in February took her seat in the mail
coach for London, being the only passenger booked for the whole journey.
The them had continued for some days: The thaw had continued for some days

the roads, though heavy were open; and with the aid of extra horses here and there, the first half of the journey was performed pretty easily though tediously. The second day was more trying than the first, the wind blew keenly, and penetrated every crevice of the coach; the partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross; thick, heavy clouds were gathering round the red rayless sun; and when on reaching the little roadside inn the snow began to fall fast, both the guard and coachman the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage. Miss Sterling hesitated by no means a pleasant place to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties, and, gathering her furs more closely around her, she nestled herself into a cor-

in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her and she soon learned they had stuck fast in a turned back and said:
snow drift, and that the efforts of the tired "I forgot to tell yo man comforted Miss Stirling by telling they were only a mile or two from "the was certain to come to the rescue with a snow wreath by that means.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled. Within an hour, the distant tink- ed to rise in seasonable time. ling of the sledge bells was heard and soon a hearty voice was heard hailing Good night." them. A party of men, with lanterns and shovels, came to their assistance. A coach, and supported her trembling steps fore she knew where she was, she found were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing her wraps invented by Mr. Jeffries, patentee of the and welcomed her and congratulated her well known marine glue, is in course of on her escape.

on her escape.
"Ay, ay, Mary," said her host, addressing his wife, "I told you that the sledge would have plently of work this winter, and you see I was right."

"As you always are uncle," a merry voice exclaimed. "We all say at Haw-

welcome Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof; more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Atherton's exertions in She stood for a moment gazing at the between. Into the narrow space between she contrived to slip noiselessly.

She had barley accomplished the difficult feat, and sheltered herself behind the curtains, when the creature flung itself

the roads in this bleak country has kept him prisoner here for weeks." "And others as well," Ellen Middleton added; but both children and grown persons are only too thankful to have so good an ex-cuse for staying at Belfield." And then laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she ment to dispose of Miss Stirling for the night, for the house was as full already as it could hold."

"O, said her aunt, 'we shall very well. Belfield is very elastic."

She smiled as she spoke; but it struck Miss Sterling that the question was nevertheless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account, a chair by the fire was really all the accommodation she cared for, as she wished to be in readiness to pursue her journey as soon as the coach could proceed

"We shall be able to do better for you than that, Ellen," Mrs. Atherton answered cheerfully. "I cannot, it is true prom ise you a state-room," for every bed in the house is full; and I know you will not allow any one to be moved for your convenience, but I have one chamber still

"Haunted, "of course ! said Miss Stir ling, gaily. "Good night."

"Oh, no, no, it is not that! I had it fitted up for my brother William when he used to be here more frequently than of late, and it is often occupied by gentlemen v hen the house is full, but as it is detached from the house, I have of course never asked any lady to sleep there, till

"Oh! if that be all, I am quite willing to become its first lady tenant," said Miss Stirling, heartily. So the matter was settled, and orders were given to prepare

the pavillion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music Sterling under her hostess' guidance, took possession of her out-door chamber. It tle piece were lighted, and two easy sist the temptation of sitting down to tick of a clock. ton said good night. She had already crossed the threshold to go, when she

"I forgot to tell you, Ellen, that the horses could not extract the coach from its inside bar of this door is not very secure. unpleasant predicament. The guard and that the key only turns outside. Are mounting on one of the horses, set out you inclined to trust the bar alone, or in search of assistance, while the coach-man comforted Miss Stirling by telling door locked outside, and let the servant her that, as nearly as he could calculate, bring the key in the morning? William used to say that he found it rather an ad-

Miss Stirling laughingly allowed, that his sledge. It was not the first time that though generally, she could not quite the squire had got the mail bags out of think it an advantage to be locked into towards the fire place, and there sure her room; still she had no objections to it on this particular occasion, as she wish-

side; the keys taken out; and Miss Stirstrong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the ling standing by the window, watched coach, and supported her trembling steps, her friend across the narrow back path, which had been swept clear of the snow to make a dry passage from the house to herself in a large hall, brillantly lighted the pavilion. A ruddy light streamed by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy, from the hall door as it opened to admit by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy, from the hall door as it opened to admit glowing, childish faces were gathered its mistress, and gave cheerful, friendly round her, numbers of bright eager eyes aspect to the scene; but when the door closed and shut out the warm comfortable light, the darkened poarch, the pale moonlight shimmering on the shrouded trees and the stars twinkling in the frosty sky, had such an aspect of solitude as to cast over her a kind of chill that made her half repent having consented to quit the house at all, and let herself be locked whose power she had so strangely fallen up in this lonely place.
Yet what had she to fear? No harm

tree that uncle Atherton can never be could possibly happen to her from within wrong." of our sixty-eight pounders. The charge "Atherton! Hawtree!" repeated Miss outside, and strong iron stancheous guarded will consist of sixteen pounds of powder, and a conically shaped shot, weighted with lead to nine pounds, and hollwed similarly to the Minnie bullet, which it A joyful exclamation and a rush into blaze she took up a little Bible which lay

mirror, expecting a repetition of the movement; but all was still, and she "It is the merest chance, too, that he is at home at present," she said, "he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of to overcome her. Still it was an exertion even of her brave spirit, to approach the rewarded by finding nothing save the bed-clothes folded neatly down, as if ingood an exiting her to press the snow-white sheets, and a fuxurious pile of pillows, that lookeding for the full already limbs. Allowing herself no time for further doubts or fears, she placed her candle on the mantle piece, and stepped

> She was very tired, her eyes ached with weariness, sleep seemed to fly from her. Old recollections thronged on her occurred to her till now, arose up before. Laying her head once more on the pillow, she heard the stable clock strike four. she determined to control her groundless

Again she started up! This time there could be no doubt, the bed had heaved more than once, accompanied by a strange | no hope? None. gurgling sound, as if of a creature in Sterling under her hostess' guidance, took possession of her out-door chamber. It was really a pleasant appartment. The crimson hangings of the bed and windows looked warm and comfortable in the fire-light; and when the candles on the man. the pulse in her temple throbbed until she felt as if their painful beating sounded chairs drawn close to the hearth, the long she felt as if their painful beating sounded parted friends found it impossible to rein the silence of the night like the loud

urged their solitary passenger to remain sist the temptation of sitting down to the temptation of sitting do 'two-handed chat.' There was much to until it reached the hearth rug, where it tell of what had befallen both, of che-flung itself down with violence. As it for a moment, but the little inn looked guered scenes of joy and sorrow, deeply did so, she heard the clank of a chain, by no means a pleasant place to be snow-interesting to those two whose youth had Her breath came less painfully as she been passed together; there were mutual heard it, for it occurred to her that the recollections of school days to be talked creature might be nothing worse than over, mutual friends and future plans to the house dog, who having broken his ner of the coach. Thus, for a time, she be discussed; and midnight rung out chain, had sought shelter beneath the lost all consciousness of outward things from the stable clock before Mrs. Ather- bed in her warm room. Even this notion was disagreeable enough, but it was nothing to the vague terror which had hitherto oppressed her. She persuaded herself that if she lay quiet no harm would happen to her, and the night would soon pass over. Thus reasoning she laid By-and-by the creature began to snore.

and it struck her feverish fancy that the snoring was not like that of a dog. After a little time she raised herself gently and squire's," and that if the guard could vantage to do so, as the unlocking of the find his way to the squire's the squire door was sure to wake him." thinking that any certainty was better than such terrible suspence. enough the hugh creature lay-a brown hairy mass, but of what shape it was impossible to divine, so filtful was the light "Very well; then you had better not and strangely was it coiled up on the lights were seen gleaming afar; they fasten the bar at all, and I will send my hearth rug. By and by, it began to rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and maid with the key at eight precisely. shone in the flickering ray of the fire, and They parted; the door was locked out- to raise its paws above its hoary head.

Good God! Those are not paws! They are human hands! And dangling from the wrists hang fragments of broken

A chill of horror froze Ellen Stirling's veins, as a flash of the expiring fire showed her thus clearly-far too clearly -and the conviction seized upon her mind that she was shut up with an escaped convict. An inward invocation to Heaven for aid rose from her heart, as with the whole force of her intellect she endeavored to survey the danger of her position and to think of the most persuasive words she could use to the man into For the present, however, she must be still, very still; she must make no move ment to betray herself; and perhaps he might overlook her presence until day-light came, and with it possible help. The night must be far spent; she mus

She had not to wait long. The crea-

curtains, when the creature flung itself on the bed, and drawing the bed-clothen around him, uttered a sound more like the whinnying of a horse than the lange

For some little time, Miss Stirling stood bed and withdraw the curtains. She was in her narrow hiding place, trembling bed and by finding nothing save the with cold and terror, fearful least some ungarded movement should betray her, and brig down on her a fate she dared not contemplate. She lifted up her heart in prayer for courage, and when her composure had in some degree retarned, it occurred to her that if she could but reach the window, she might from that position, possibly, attract the attention of some passer by, and be released from her terrible durance.

Very cautiously she attempted the her. Old recollections thronged on her memory, thoughts connected with the business she had still to get through haunted her, and difficulties that had not occurred to her till now, arose up before. She was restless and feverish; and the gave a fresh bound of terror, for it came vexation of feeling 10, made her more wakeful. Perhaps if she were to close the curtains between her and the fire she might be better able to sleep—the flickering light disturbed her, and moon beams stealing between the window curtains cast ghostly shadows on the wall. So, she carefully shut out the light on that side and turned again to sleep. that side, and turned again to sleep. Whether she had or had not quite lost consciousnes she could not well remember, but she was soon thoroughly aroused by consciousnes she could not well remember, but she was soon thoroughly aroused by feeling the bed heave under her. She started up, and awaited with a beating started up, and awaited with a beating heart a repetition of the movement, but heart a repetition of the movement heart a repetition heart a repetition of the movement heart a repetition of the movement heart a repetition h return of the nervous fancies which had dawn; and after long listening in vain twice assailed her already that night.

Laying her head once more on the pillow, she heard the stable already that Only four!

She felt as if it were impossible to survive even another hour of terror such as she had just passed through. Was there

She tried to support herself against the pavillion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music, dancing and ghost stories made the hours fly fast, it was long past ten—the usual hour of retiring at Belfield—when Miss came again, followed by a loud rattling on its bed at the sound. Drops of agony

The clock struck five.

Still all was silent. Suddenly, a man's whistle was heard in the court, and the driver of the mail coach, lantern in hand, crossed the yard towards the pavilion in way attract his attention; but she dared not make the slightest sound. He looked up at the window, against which he almost brushed in passing; and the light he led flashed on Miss Stirling's crouching figure. He paused, losked again, and seemed about to speak, whom is she hastily made signs that he should be silent, but seek assistance at the house. He gave her a glance of intelligence and hastened away.

How long his absence seemed! Could he have understood her? The occupant of the bed was growing more and more restless; he was rising from the bed; he was groping round the room. They would come too late, too late !

But no! steps in the courtyard-the key turning in the lock—the door opens—then with a yell that rang in Ellen Stirling's ear until her dying day, the creature rushed to her hiding place, dashed the slight window frame to pieces, and finding himself baulked of his purposed escape by the strength of the iron bara outside, turned, like a wild beast, on his pursuers. She was the first on whom his glance fell. He clasped her throat; his face was close to hers; his glittering eyes were glaring at her in frenzy-when a blow from behind felled him.

She awoke from a long swoon to find to herself safe in Mrs Atherton's dressing room, and to hear that no one was his but the poor manic, and that he was again in the charge of his keepers, from whom he had escaped a few hours before.

"A few hours! A life-time, Mary! But Heaven be thanked, it is passed like

a wild dream." It was not all passed. One enturing effect remained, ever after, to imprint on Ellen Stirling's memory, and on the memories of all who knew her, the event of that long night. Such had been her

suffering, anxiety and terror, that in those

few hours her hair had turned as white

as snow. ago a a stad I - Teril Tast A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT .- While the poor match man was passing down Union street, creeping on his knees, accompanied by his daughter, five or six years old, an incident occurred which is worthy of notice. Among the group who had collected around them was a generous hearter ed sailor, who bought a store of matches,